

<sup>A</sup>  
SATYR  
AGAINST  
SATYRS:  
OR,

St. Peter's Vision

TRANSUBSTANTIATED.

*Caith  
Earl Earl  
Blanch*

*Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam:  
Vexatus toties?*

Juv. lib. 1. Sat. 1.

By R. D.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be sold by Richard Janeway  
in Queens-head Alley in Pater-noster Row. 1680.

STATYR

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TRANSLATED



By R. D.

LONDON

Printed and sold by the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

That the Reader may not turn over a Page empty of Lines, no more than the Jesuites run over a day void of Plots, 'twas thought no great piece of Treason or Hereſie to insert the following

## ADVERTISEMENT.

W<sup>H</sup>ereas *N. T's* good-cause Intelligence,  
That piece of Truth, Wit, Honesty and Sence,  
Does not each day come out; How can't I pray?  
The Devil! we can't invent a Sheet a day!  
This in its stead then i'th' Popes name pronounces,  
Joys to all Catholick souls by Pounds and Ounces:  
Set Purgatory's doors wide ope I say;  
Let th' half-broil'd Martyrs caper thence away. }  
We vote this a perpetual Holiday:  
The Devil has gain'd an Inch, and our cause further'd,  
Catch-Jesuits degraded; Arnold murder'd.  
Calig'la's with now! had all th' Hereticks  
Summ'd up in Arnold all their cross-grain'd Necks;  
It had been a brave Job; They'd gone to howl,  
And pray e're this for Father Evan's soul.  
Howe're, we gain'd a point by this; and shew  
Besides, had we the Game, what we would doe.  
Moreover, our Mask't Tories think it good  
To seal the Prerogation thus with Blood.  
But what if Heaven should Godfrey this, and vote  
The Plot to bleed once more in Arnolds throat?  
Devils forbid! but can't *N. T.* foretell't,  
As he the Boyish Project had foremel't?  
'Tis Irish this to him, or he as yet  
Thinks it a Hereſie to publish it.

Reader for Farewell, I thee advertise  
Now thou mayst see (if th' hast not lost thine eyes)  
Advertisements thou mayst in Satyrs buy,  
As well as in a Mercury Week-Lie.

There is a great deal of talk about the  
future of the country, and it is true  
that the people are very anxious to know  
what will be the result of the  
election of 1880.

## THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRY

The future of the country is a subject  
which has been discussed for many years.  
It is a subject which has been discussed  
in many different ways, and it is a  
subject which has been discussed in many  
different places. It is a subject which  
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A  
S A T Y R  
AGAINST  
S A T Y R S.

T Oyl'd with considering how the world went round,  
 I lay'd me down to rest me on the ground ;  
 And my tyr'd thoughts retreating, dwell upon  
 Some Scripture place, as *Peter's* Vision :  
 Then deeply pondering on that wond'rous Scean,  
 That massie sheet thwackt full with beasts unclean,  
 And how that, that from Heaven should come down ;  
 And then methoughts transform'd into this Town :  
 Sleep slily crept in, stole me from my self,  
 And then I dream'd as fast as any Elf.  
 Methoughts the ground I lay upon did dance  
 Jiggs, like the butter-hamm'd *Tom-Thumbs* of *France*,  
 And such commotions did her bowells tear ;  
 As though the *Jesuities* sate on Consult there ;  
 Then swelling like *Pope Joan*, she roar'd aloud  
 As *Dunstan's* Devil, or Thunder in a cloud :  
 When streight she opens ; and from thence ascends  
 A Cole-black Sheet with fire-brands at its ends,  
 Brim-fill'd with monsters of such sorts and hue,  
 Such as our pregnant *Africk* never knew.

A

The

The horrid Pageant nigh my sight did dwell ;  
 Methought it a clear prospect of all Hell.  
 There were the Devils that had sown these tares, }  
 As busie as Grasiers in our Countrey Fairs, }  
 To sort their beasts into some order'd pairs.  
 But here they'r puzzled quite : had *Noah* these ; }  
 Not all his wit had e're found out their seize ; }  
 His Ark had been a *Babel* on the seas.  
 If e're there was a rope of sand 'twas thus ;  
 Such different Devils hoop'd within a truss.  
 Or that I may the wonder more describe,  
 Such highly villains twisted in a tribe.  
 In the sheet's front ( that I'd almost forgot )  
 There was two P's for Popery and for Plot,  
 Written so fair, that he that runs may read,  
 And then, when hundred thousand Saints did bleed.

Well now one Devill full of rage and sweat  
 Cries unto me, Arise, man, come and eat ;  
 He spoke so bold, I thought him first the Priest,  
 That came to offer me the Eucharist.  
 His offer modestly I did decline.  
 Thought I the whelp has drunk up all the Wine,  
 Now shams me off with Bread ; then he will yeaul  
 Prophanely ; Thou eat'st Christ up, blood and all.  
 A pretty thing, could it be understood,  
 How that our Catholick Jaws could eat up blood.  
 And 'tis a thing as pretty as the first,  
 How eating can thus take away man's thirst.  
 Well but let's bar all this ; it will not doe ;  
 My thirsty throat would prove my faith untrue,  
 Unless by some transubstantiating cast,  
 They'd quench my thirst, as well as break my fast.

But

But still he press'd me on : then I did cry,  
 Let's see the wine, and then perhaps I'll try.  
 With that a triple-headed *Cerberus*  
 Starts up with Cup in's hand, and then barks thus :  
 Why you vile Heretick, you good for nought,  
 Sup up this liquor ! 'tis a Catholick draught.  
 Then he held out a Goblet crown'd with blood,  
 The sad remains of that most innocent flood,  
 They sent through *France* in many hundred rills,  
 And broach'd at the feet of the *Alpine* hills.  
 When he perceiv'd me scar'd with such a sight,  
 He holds me a Cake as round as any quoit ;  
 'Twas such as *Jugg* and *Cisely* bak't last night.  
 And when well daub'd with th' fingers of his Priest  
 He'd damn me to th' belief, it was my Christ.  
 But being a Heretick ; for I had wit,  
 I did demand his argument for it.  
 Yes presently, repli'd my Gaffar Pope ;  
 With that brings out a faggot and a rope :  
 Canst thou confute these reasons, or suppress ?  
*They are unanswerable I confess.*  
 When Hereticks out-dispute, yet this has cross'd 'um  
 In their designs, this *ratio ultima nostrum*.  
 An honest Fryar steps up by and by,  
 ( Suppose I sometimes speak by Irony )  
 Who keeping Crotchets time, a while with's breech,  
 He whindles out a *Gavan's* dying speech.  
 He tells you modestly, he hates a whore,  
 Though he has lain with six but just afore.  
 And knows not what means that Adultery,  
 Though sixteen Cuckolds wear his Livery.  
 And as for Treason vows his innocence :  
 Though then thinks how t' assassinate some Prince ;

And having lick'd his mouth with Holy-watter,  
 He then dares swear and re-refwear to th' matter.  
 Then he declares how Father *Dominick*  
 Made once a Dung-fork a good Catholick,  
 And pluck't a Devill by's toes (O strange to think ! )  
 Out of a Mad-man till he made him stink ;  
 What is't he and his Girdle could not doe ?  
 Convert Dogs, Cats, Rats, Owls and Tigers too,  
 Bears, Wolves and Mastiffs : pugh ! and what is this ?  
 He cramm'd his Doctrines in the Gills of Fish.  
 One Sermon and the Girdle in a trice  
 Turn'd Papists shoals of Herrings and Crablice.  
 Strange ! but the good man swears that all is truth ;  
 And is not he think you, a pretty Youth ?  
 Truly I almost bring my faith unto't,  
 When e're I see my Fryar and his rout :  
 And they're the Converts of whom whisker told,  
 Only they passed Tranformation mould.  
 He tells you on of zealous Brethren three,  
 Whom th' Devil had sworn so in iniquity ;  
 Who on one Fryday night had greater maw  
 To fill their guts, than to fulfill their Law,  
 Pray'd in a trice a rusty rib of Bacon  
 To a Joul of Salmond or a rump of Capon.  
 And pilling th' bone as bare as any stick ;  
 They would not give the Devil his own to pick ;  
 But did me controvert it by and by  
 To the forerib of good St. *Anthony*.  
 There's a transubstantiating trick for you :  
 That fill'd their guts and purse. *And that is true.*  
 Then one does whisper t' him in the ear thus, *Will,*  
 But thou know'st 'twas a rib of Bacon still.

All as true  
 as the  
 Popes Go-  
 spell.

Quoth

Quoth I, that Papist speaks the truth to th' full.  
That I maintain's a Popish miracle.

But now prick up your Catholick ears and quake,  
For all this while was I in a mistake.

An obstinate Heretick I did remain,  
And must bear pennance for't ; if I've no coyn."

'T seems the good natur'd Devil did invite  
Me of his creatures to partake that night :

And 'twas no call to th' seventh Sacrament,  
He himself knew not what five of them meant ;

Save that fine Extream Unction, for that  
He knew's the Droppings of the Belly fat.

But when the thing I understood, alas,  
Better then several Bald-pates do their Mafs ;  
I plainly said ; No, first give Bread and Cheese,  
Away Sir, with your Toads and *Soland* Geese.

I cannot feed my guts with Barnacles,  
No more than faith on Popish Miracles.  
Sayes then th' half-angry Devil, Had but you  
My flock expos'd unto your fuller view,  
You could not but fall on, they are so rare,  
Nothing can match them out in *Bari's mew-fair*.

That I believe, quoth I, and they will doe  
Thy work, as *Barth'lomen* Jack-puddings too.

But their officious Grandfire all this while  
Was bringing of them into rank and file,

And that but sorrily upon my word ;  
Such order as confusion could afford.

There first appears (what yet no ush'ring thunder ?)

The *Gog Magogs* of stupifying wonder.

Th' old sons of *Anakim* reviv'd again.

Perverted *Levi's* tribe on *Shalem's* plain ;

The first  
Babylonish  
legion.

Where

Where th' Father of their Order first did dye  
 His perjur'd hands in trait'rous cruelty :  
 And onely in that act each monstrous limb  
 Of his, does imitate and follow him.  
 Still in a row like *Israel's* golden calves  
 They march'd ; or *Quixot's* Rosary of Knaves.  
 With hair so holy-water'd that you'd think  
 Their heads had the Monopoly of stink.  
 'Twould drive the Devil to run without his shoes :  
 If *Dunstan* has not quite fear'd up his nose,  
 With face in Princum, and with looks devout ;  
 Like sober Nuns at a Confession bout :  
 Whence store of Holiness *subinde* starts ;  
 And well 'twas there ; for none was in their hearts.  
 I th' brain Infallibility did sit,  
 And wisely, to supply the place of wit.  
 Supremacy did on their brows reside :  
 Hud's bud, but 'twas a little pockifi'd,  
 Being such a neighbour to their snivling nose,  
 Which ran as fast as honest *Ovid's* prose.  
 Well, by their wit, beards, honesty you'd then  
 Guess them a Court of voting Aldermen.  
 I talk of beards, good *Cambden*, canst thou swear  
 What kind of stuff the mossie *Dru'ds* did wear,  
 When they taught Gravity unto the *Wellsb* ?  
 I know not what to, to compare them else ;  
 It was so old, I thought 'twas *Peter's* hair,  
 And came to 'um by succession with the chair.  
 But let 'um go as they are ; and let's be curt,  
 I'll foul no more my fingers with such dirt.  
 I can no further now my beasts dissect ;  
 Already they confound my intellect.

And



And to describe 'um right from head to foot,  
I doe defie the Devil himself to do't.

But there stood one, 'twould do you good to see  
Reduc'd by's Mifs to an Anatomy.  
His Catholick bones out of his skin did grow,  
Ten thousand fastings had not bar'd him so :  
As lean as any rake in breast and rump ;  
Though all his bags with *Europe's* wealth was plump.  
You would imagine him one that was sent  
To teach the Devil how to keep his Lent.  
Or else employ'd by hags out of their Cell  
To treat with Fiends, and make a league with hell.  
And next to him there pranc'd that raging boar,  
Whom neither war can tame, nor yet a Whore ;  
Whose vast designs o're *Europe* all does stride,  
He makes poor Princes Drudges to his pride.  
He Gospellizes with his glittering Sword ;  
But 'tis not that o'th' Spirit, nor o'th' Word :  
But that by which the *Turkish* Monarchs doe  
Advance their Conquests and Religion too.  
But having bluster'd for a while he fell ;  
And vengeance kick'd him to be tam'd in Hell.  
The third sate there with a reforming brow,  
Who says that they hate Reformation so ?  
I say 'tis false, for he the work begins ;  
And first he qualifies the rate of sins.  
For well he knows that things as sweet as honey ;  
When cheap, they are for every bodies money ;  
And he with others has this pollitick fetch,  
To live upon the poor as well as rich.  
Sodomy therefore half a Crown before  
Is now a single Testers, and no more.

Pope  
*Sixtus.*

The first  
step of  
Popish re-  
formation.

Come

Good pen-  
niworths  
my lads.

Come in ye small-game sinners, wenching shall go  
For a good sober Two-pence ; and well so.  
*Item* Adultery suffers an Eclipse,  
Brought down from sixteen shillings unto six.  
But for the eating Eggs in Lent or Flesh  
Five hundred pound's great mercy ; nothing less ;  
Nay 'tis well, if the good natur'd Pope  
Let's them escape the Faggot and the Rope.  
For there's no punishment that is so pat  
For a sin so unpardonable as that.

The se-  
cond step  
of refor-  
mation.

Next with his Senate of Whores he does advise,  
How that they wear their Coats above their thighs :  
For he'll subdue, in spight of Dr. *Oats*,  
That Northern heresie of long, long Coats:  
And for the Centuries that are to come,  
Thinks it more Catholick to bare the bum.  
That's all the Reformation heard of since :  
Except th' enlarging of the *Peter-Pence*.

The third  
and last  
weighty  
catholick  
branch of  
reformati-  
on.

Pope *Joan*.

With them and Reformation I'd have done,  
But that I cannot o'relook that *Madam Dun*,  
That Spawner of young Popes, that does advance  
The Chair's succession by Inheritance.  
The Whore of *Babylon* it'h litteral sense,  
Without a Metaphor or shifting Tenſe ;  
Who stood with a Child hanging by the half,  
Just as a-cross a Horse an *Essex* Calf.  
Much din about her was, that she desil'd  
The reverence of the Popedom with her child.  
Some for a Midwife right bid run to Hell ;  
Others cry'd *Celier*, and all would be well,  
Say they, for she can steal the Bastard o're  
The seas, and lay it at a Protestant's door.

Excuse



Excuse her, answer'd I, 't has been her fate,  
 Her self to grow big of a Brat of late :  
 Whereof miscarrying by a vile mischance,  
 She has lain in at *Newgate* ever since ;  
 Say they we sha'nt have t'other Pope *Joan* again ;  
*Tiburn* we fear will intercept the claim.  
 But what shall now our Popes do ? poor Whore !  
 Why get astride the Infallible Stool once more :  
 St. *Peters* holy Chair being once got in,  
 Blots out all guilt, and expiates the sin.  
 That Sacred Catholick piece of rotten wood  
 Has vertue enough to make the Devil good.  
 And should he there get up with all his evil,  
 He'd certainly be an infallible Devil.  
 But what of Popeling too ? let him alone,  
 That was born Burges to the Triple Crown.  
 Sure to do well this bastard cannot miss,  
 'Tis heir apparent, not presumptive this.  
 Coyn'd in the Whore of *Babylon's* own mint,  
 'Tis a true Son o'th Church, or th' Devil's in't.  
 Supremacy in *Querp*, begot you see  
 And born too in Infallibility.  
 And now one of them croaks : Pope *Joan*-is gone.  
 But one replies another Pope comes on,  
 Fill'd full with *Cardinal vertues*. We have chosen  
 Her Successour, the Devils right-hand Cousin,  
 Who strings his sins like Beads by Bakers dozen.  
 But where is *Gadbury*, can't he foretell  
 Whether he'l prove the very Imp of Hell,  
 And a right qualified Pope ? which does prevail  
*Leo* or *Scorpio* or the *Dragons* tail ;  
 Or else that cursed Plannet call'd the Goal ?

Ple tell you what, my man's turn'd Protestant:  
 The Devil 'mongst us then needs not fear to want;  
 But why should Impudence impose on th' Nation,  
 A thing as monstrous as Transubstantiation.  
 Well time may be when he may plot no thing,  
 But how he decently may take his swing:  
*Ketch* be predominant too in his Sphear,  
 And a poor Conjuror ascendant there;  
 Although of late the *Jesuites* taught my *Madge*  
 A trick of false accusing, 'twill not fadge.  
 Yet there's good hopes o' th' Pope; my self can tell ye:  
 He has three Whores already by the Belly,  
 He got some hundreds yesterday by's Tricks,  
 By sale of Red-Caps and of Bishopricks.  
 This having told in private, he did sup  
 A glass of Hock: then starts Chuck-farthing up,  
 With such an awe as though he came to tell  
 That *Jesuites* were breaking loose from Hell,  
 Who having cross'd himself with good Canary,  
 And yeaul'd you out some forty *Ave Mary's*,  
 He doth enstate his limbs in due decorum,  
 With order and with decency before 'um;  
 And with the more success t'enforce his truth,  
 He does be-ceremony all his mouth;  
 And thus begins—

Our Lord God Pope salutes you; I proclaim  
 Unto you all a Jubilee in's Name:  
 He pardons all sins, present, future, past.  
*We'll now go home and sin most devilish fast;*  
 Ye are now as clean from sin as ever pist,  
 If you believe the Devil and a Priest.  
 If *Loyal's* Blacks be here, or else heads shorn,  
 They are as innocent as the Child unborn.

Let

A good  
 beginning  
 Sirs.

Let them goe one in Treason ; and they will  
 Be as *innocent as Children unborn* still.  
 I say again, things, persons, pardon'd all,  
 From th' Triple Crown unto the Coblers stall ;  
 From th' golden Scepter to the Oaken Club,  
 But pardon him if he excepts the *Tub*.  
 Good reason for't: the *Tub* must blab, though he  
 Has took the Sacraments of secrecie.  
 The meal, that was found in it shall first burn,  
 E're we unto a breadden God it turn.  
 Well, I have done, go get you home, for now  
 You're pardon'd all : oddsifh ; I can't tell how.  
 Here ended he his speech, and so I wou'd :  
 But that there's a necessity I shou'd ;  
 Since I told the Knight Errants, what, and who.  
 I should declare to you, what their Squires were too.

Next to these *Quixots* in a medley brave,  
 There march'd a flock of *Sancho's* grave, grave, grave.  
 And yet 'tis strange they march'd, their youthly sins  
 By Pox and Ulcers had eat all their shins.  
 They spoke sententious sayings, but alas,  
 Like *Sancho's* thundering riddles to his As.  
 And further to improve my Metaphors,  
 Such long-ear'd Asses were their Auditors.  
 With ears so long as a good chine of beef ;  
 But yet not half so long as their belief.  
 If to be narrow-mouth'd their faith should hap ;  
 As not to gulp and swallow at a clap  
 All th' monstrous balderdash they would impose ;  
 Though they thrust down the Devil shoes and hose,  
 They 'l thump it with obedience into them  
 Worse than that *Baalams* Ass was thump'd by him.

The se-  
 cond Ba-  
 bylonish  
 Legion.

This 'lone could prove the story of *Baalam* true ;  
 Since he was such an exact Type of you,  
 False conjuring Prophets, all whose life indites,  
 And christens you at once false *Baalamites* :  
 For you then, scarlet sinners, thus I wish.  
 As your *lives are*, so be *your end like his*.  
 But little more their order to define ;  
 Before them went a Banner and Ensigns, }  
 The lively emblems of their bloody minds. }  
 Lust, Murther, Rapine, Treason they displaid,  
 That lately were *four Cardinal vertues* made.  
 Upon their heads red Caps, yet not so red  
 As was the poison brewing in their head.  
 Their Fiery coloured garments do declare  
 What kind of dreadfull fire-brands they are :  
 Which were dy'd deep ( were it well understood )  
 In *Albingsian* and *Waldensian* blood.  
 Then came a voice, and askt me what I saw ?  
 Rough Satyrs made of *Sampsons* Asses Jaw ;  
*Diana's* clownish crew transform'd to Frogs,  
 A devout litter-full of *Tobi's* Dogs.  
 Or *Cadmus* monstrous Army, that had grown  
 Out of the Serpents teeth that he had sown :  
 And if through one anothers hearts, ( 'twere well, )  
 They would like them eat down their way to Hell.  
 Take them at sober times within their dores ;  
 They're the best company at Wine and Whores.  
 It'h *Synods* like ill planets in conjunction,  
 They brood o're mischief, and they teem destruction.  
 There they 're a flock of Asps together hurl'd,  
 A Conclave of diseases to the World.  
 Great's their Devotion ; for they daily pray,  
 The Devil would take the present Pope away.

And

And if he does not hasten, he's a whelp,  
 They'l try to pack him off without his help.  
 And that my men can can do with deal of ease,  
 (They can apply their poysons as they please.)  
 For well they know the fate o'th' Papal Chair.  
 The vilest rog'ries get the start up there;  
 The greatest Villain's the most qualify'd,  
 And he who in innocent blood is deepest di'd:  
 And each being conscious to himself of this,  
 How great a villain and a Rogue he is,  
 And how yers'd in abominable knacks,  
 Has a strong Faith he may *come in for snacks*.  
 And hence they strive t'excel each other in  
 All acts unparrallel'd of Scarlet sin.  
 They urge their sinfull nature to a head,  
 Would break down its *Non ultra* if they cou'd.  
 Sins hitherto untrodden paths they try,  
 And Study methods new of Villany:  
 On such prodigious wickedness they rush,  
 Would startle Nature and make Hell to blush.  
 But when ones Vice has to that pitch encreast,  
 As that it singles him out from the rest,  
 Makes him like *Saul*, a taller by the head,  
 And th' fittest man by whom they must be led;  
 Strange! with what slavish awe they him adore,  
 Whom they did sink and damn the night before.  
 Who whilom was a Rogue, a Block or so,  
 Is now his Holiness from Top to Toe.  
 And now with acclamations they compleat  
 His happiness, and hurl him to his fear;  
 As a Bum-bee hurl'd by a storm to's hive.  
*Needs must the Swine go when the Devils drive.*

But.

But one thing more, they are so cunning grown;  
 They will not be imposed by other Pope *Joan*,  
 They narrowly search first, if they be men;  
 Would we would search so well their plots and them.  
 One to th' infallible buttocks laying his face,  
 Doth loudly yeaul out, *Dominus est Deus*,  
 Which sometimes well without any *M* may pass.  
 As in the case of good Pope *Celestine*,  
 Whom a sly knave perswaded to resign  
 His seat to him, he thought a voice Divine;  
 Or else a hellish spoke to 'um through a reed  
 In *Boniface's* s.: so it did indeed.  
 But having brought my Card'nal hitherto,  
 As far as Hell and sin and mischief too  
 Can him advance; to th' Temple's pinnacle,  
 Whence he may with vengeance have a fall;  
 Here I will leave him and no more will mind him;  
 And here the Devil will be sure to find him.

The third  
 Babylonish  
 Legion.

There next appear'd the hodge-podge *Algermoons*,  
 A Linsey-woolsey tribe of Church dragoons,  
 A *Joseph's* rainbow Coat, chiefly therein,  
 That blood and slaughter it is deep dipt in,  
 A Club incorporated to Inform,  
 That Hell's great Architect is multi-form,  
 There's no such Crocodiles by *Nilus* bred,  
 Each carries bowling-Greens upon his head,  
 That outwardly thus far do heaven outdare,  
 They shew it not nor care for it a hair.  
 They with their Trait'rous Crowns do shave their sin,  
 But that the latter may grow fast agin,  
 If Cuckold-makers also had the horn,  
 These Knaves would never venture to be shorn.

But



But would you know their Names? *—*  
 'Tis kin to Fires, and it rithmes to Liars, *—*  
*There's reason too as well as rhyme* for Fryars, *—*  
 And sometimes for the sake of brevity,  
 'Twill do no harm to call them Impious Fry.  
 Their work is various as their Names and cloaths;  
 Some study wayes to break all Solemn Oaths;  
 And be they ne're so sacred, ne're so strong,  
 Equivocation can untwist the thong.  
 Some tie their loved Legends tail by tail,  
 And yet they ravel into thrums for all.  
 And others preach, that is, they scold and rail,  
 Treason or Murder is the usual Text,  
 Beloved you may guess what follows next.  
 Rebellion, Faction, are the Doctrinal parts,  
 The Uses Swords and Daggers in our hearts.  
 But if there be sweet females, 'tis thought meet  
 To leave one use to apply under a sheet.  
 Others there are that seem for to be poor,  
 Religious mumpers those from dore to dore.  
 They beg good meet, good wine, and where so'e're  
 Good Women are, they beg nights lodgings there.  
 And to reward their Landlords these good Dady's  
 Get them a store of blessings and of Babys.  
 Others do lurk in Covents, and do plot  
 To make a Holy Mad-man of a Sor,  
 And Jerzerise there several Bedlam tricks  
 To storm the Faith of stubborn Hereticks.  
 And most of these (that let me not forget)  
 Heark to the Curtain sins of Peg and Bert.  
 He simpers up his mouth and whispers Best,  
 'Tis shrieving time, my Gidle, come and confess.  
 Then having throughly pumpt the simple Jade,  
 When? and with whom? and was she not afraid?

On

On good advice then she withdraws with him,  
 And there for penance acts it o're agin.  
 But 'tis in vain to tell you all their work,  
 'Tis greater task than taming the great *Turk*.

The fourth  
 Babylonish  
 Legion,  
 being a  
 Troop of  
*Amazons*.

O'th same bead-string with Fryar hang'd a Nun,  
 What would not you have *Tib* to follow *Tom*?  
 A female's the grand Engine of a gull,  
 Who e're saw Tinker yet without his Trull?  
 These are the crew, whereby the Devil once more  
 Would cheat and damn the world as heretofore.  
 These are the *Syren* Cozbiters: yes, and these,  
 Are they that th' number of the Church encrease.  
 The mother Church e'rewile did barren grow,  
 And must have children from her daughters now.  
 And such they are that without din or stir  
 May truly cry, *My father Confessor*.  
 So nigh the Spirits power they comè, they may  
 For *Abba* Father, Abbot father say.  
 But I digresse from my kind loving pack,  
 Who are more us'd to lie upon the back,  
 Than they'r to count their beads; although they may  
 Most generally tell them twice a day.  
 Poor *Egypt's* land had ten plagues; we have more,  
 The Popes and Cardinals are the sad plague-fore,  
 The Fryars the Locust swarm the land o're spreads,  
 And these the Frogs that creep into mens beds;  
 Vile Jills in grain;—but hold, although the trash  
 Deserves my rugged Satyrs forest lash,  
 The Furies whips of Steel, that cut most sore;  
 And th' angry Muses *Bridewell*, far, far more,  
 Than the worst Bawds the *Bridewell* of the City:  
 But yet I'll spare 'um somewhat now for pity.



I will not pill the wretches to the bone ;  
 Ple be more kind and leave the Devil his own.  
 My modest pen won't strip them of their smocks,  
 And Freinds I would not choke you with a P—.

Besides I'me put to it to find out the next,  
 With them their own dear Lord is so perplex  
 To search the Skudles, they are not such Fools  
 But they have forty thousand skulking holes.  
 Some of the Hocusses had shifted heads ;  
 Some cloaths ; some had crept into Ladies beds.  
 Some kennel'd in their couches and their closets,  
 And there were slain with Marmalets and sack possets.  
 Some lurk'd in Madam's coats, some were so wise  
 As safe to lodge themselves between their thighs.  
 They may like beasts be traced out by th' scent ;  
 Palm oil will make a Pursevant relent ;  
 But not Sir *William* ; as for him perchance  
 He never saw the fine *Cajoles* of *France* ;  
 He lost his smell or else his complaisance.  
 But honest Officers leave off your search,  
 Several of them are got within our Church ;  
 Your staves nor warrants durst come there t'offend 'um  
 They have our mask and garb for to defend 'um.  
 But there instead of preaching they do prate,  
 And turn the Pulpit to a *Billingsgate*,  
 Whence the Flambeaus set fire to Church and State.  
 And if no more at least they'l do these wrongs,  
 To carry Trait'rous fire-balls on their tongues.  
 These are then eloquent, when they can preach,  
 What may augment our heats and wide our breach.  
 They healing salves to fretting poison turn,  
 And nurse the flames, which our own bowels burn :  
 C They'd

The sixth  
 and most  
 cursed Ba-  
 bilonish  
 Legion.

I com-  
 mend  
 their wit  
 to be so  
 kill'd.

Then they  
 were in  
 their stu-  
 dies.

We be-  
seech thee  
to hear us,  
good Lord.

They'd be well serv'd if made a sacrifice  
To *England's* safety and the Church's peace.  
And as to these Ple Lettany it thus ;

From such, we pray, good Lord deliver us.  
But shall I tell you what old *Nickum* did ?  
He drag'd out three by th' collar, that had hid  
Themselves in *Quakers* meetings, and about  
He look'd for six more of the loving rout.  
There stood the *Cobler Will* as good as piff,  
And *Tom* the *Tinker* with his greasie fiff.  
There *Dry-throat Crispin* with his wheezing Nose,  
That for good Ale and Girls had pawn'd his Shooes.  
Next to him *Druggster* with his *Ratsbane* Chest,  
Poyson he knows suits his Religion best.  
And next *Tom-fool* with all his Merry Tricks,  
And a *frock'd Porter* too of *Sixty six* :  
And all this while poor Devil search'd up and down,  
And never thought these Lads were all his nown ;  
Although there was with him the Pope his Son  
With his *infallible* Peep-glasses on.  
Some of the Rogues with flippant Wits and Jest.  
Had opened Monarch's Cabinets and their chests,  
And some had crept (O grief insufferable)  
Unto their Closets and their Council Table.  
Poor *Spain* and *France* have felt these Vultures keen,  
Nor did the old game die with *Mazareen*.

And Father *Nitard* was not Grandee alone,  
There's more *La Chese's* in the World than one.  
These shroud themselves under Employs of State  
With swelling names to bug-bear off their Fate.  
They cunningly intrude to Princes hearts,  
Dive to their secrets ; and thence act their parts ;

And

And twisting themselves in their Policies,  
 They rule both them and Kingdoms as they please.  
 They seem the State's great *Atlas*ses, but th' Imps  
 Are the true Kings, when Kings are but their pimps.  
 These are the Catholick hinges; and thereon  
 The Popish World for many years has run.  
 The Rulers they do serve must mind their Grift,  
 And rule and conquer but as they do list.  
 Sometimes *Spain's* Interest they will strive t' advance,  
 Then, when they please the Interest of *France*.  
 The wretches in their plots 'gainst us would be  
 Too sly for infinite Sagacity:  
 Would stem the strong tide of Omnipotence,  
 And weary out the care of Providence.  
 Elsewhere if Providence thwarts their grand design,  
 Where they can't help they'l crouch and will resign.  
 That's their white boy that wears the longest Sword.  
*The Flies still flock unto the fullest board.*  
 And all a King doth by his Conquests get,  
 He toils himself to make these Vipers great.  
 These constant Circumstances they are in,  
 Whoever loses they'l be sure to win.  
 'Tis Kings that are their stalking Nags, whereby  
 They shoot at *Universal Monarchy*:  
 The guilded Tennis-balls with which they play  
 The blessed game, decreed by *Loyola*.  
 Poor Popish Princes, would you once were wise!  
 I pity you: what can it not suffice  
 You truckle under an old Pope, but you  
 Must be the Trudges of such Vermine too?  
 Your Realms still influenc'd in peace and war  
 By such malignant Meteors as these are;

The more  
 is the pity.

Prodigious Commets, that do'nt alone portend  
 But are themselves the ruine of a Land.  
 Destruction's Conduit-pipes which doe spout forth  
 Its *Strygian* Venom all about the earth.  
 Hell's great Granadoes 'mongst the simple rout,  
 Which deal still fatal ruine all about.  
 The balefull Lungs of Universal death,  
 Which poison, kill and torture with their breath.  
*Egypt's* last plague reacted o're again;  
 But this the greatest terror of the twain.  
 It seems to me Justice already hath  
 Pour'd down the *seven Vials* of his wrath;  
 But the world to that height of Vice being come  
 Repeats those *Trems* in a total summe.  
 And to shape's punishment to th' crimes of men;  
 Summes up in these his seven plagues o're agen.  
 About the world they like Infection fly,  
 As if the Devil had Ubiquity.  
 Twisted like *Sampson's* Foxes tail by tail,  
 They do by fires seen and unseen prevail.  
 But this doth vex me most of all I know,  
 Their Impudence should to that daring grow;  
 As to blaspheme the name of *Jesus* so.  
*Julian* with's scornfull *Galilean* name,  
 Could not that sacred title so prophane,  
 As these brags-foreheaded blasphemers do  
 By th' usurpation of it to their crew.

Come, Muse, let us new name them: that we will:  
 But first degrade them of this precious stile;  
 We must have paring knives of *Lydian* steel,  
 Glas will not serve to scrape off th' holy Oil.

Suppose

Suppose that done ; I am still at a loss,  
 Though I give Spittle, Cream, and th' sign o'th' Cross.  
 Ne're trust me it would overturn my brain  
 To find them out an apt besitting name.  
 Had these appeared then among the rest,  
 In th' universall meeting of the beasts,  
 When the whole world to its own Christ'ning came,  
 Each at it's new Lord's Font to have a name,  
 As Eagles, Kites and Lions, Lobs and Eels,  
 But yet I do not think that there were Bells ;  
*Adam* with his vast knowledge had been out  
 To find fit names for this unruly rout.  
 O *Aristotle* were't alive but now,  
 And would'st but these contemplate ; I do know  
 These tides unfathom'd would confound thee more,  
 Than all the Ebbings of the Sea before.  
 Thou d'st sing thy self first to their Inquisition ;  
 Ere thou d'st be troubled with their comprehension.  
 These are more uncontrolled than those waves,  
 The Eastern Monarch tri'd to make his slaves.  
*Xerxes* forbear to lash ; Kings cannot please  
 Nor tame such tides impetuous as these.  
 But shall us now however go to try,  
 If we can dip them of another dye.  
 We'l see how well those names will them become,  
 Which *Ovid* gave his Dogs ; clear throat, Ahum :  
*Fowler*, ha *Fowler*, ho ! huskufs ; haloo ;  
 Oh brave, my Mischief-masters, this will do. }  
*Greedy-panch*, *Eat-all*, *Fierce*, so ho ! so ho ! }  
*Howler* and *Black-foot*, my good Beagles, so ! }  
 The game is up in *Brittain*, follow, follow !  
 Closely pursue the scent, *Rome*, *Rome*, does hollow !  
Haloo.

Halloo, Halloo, my Dogs, spare no endeavour,  
 Now *Universal Monarchy* or never  
 Nay, by the Mass, (a mighty Word is that)  
 Th' allusion still befits them wond'rous pat ;  
 Th' Analogy holds out in every piece.  
*Alceon's* Dogs were ravenous, so are these.  
 The Dogs of several sizes, Lands and forts :  
 So these religious Erewigs of the Courts.

*Cæsar's vo-*  
*his Princi-*  
*pes. The*  
*Motto of*  
*Ignatius*  
*Loyola the*  
*Father of*  
*the Order*  
*of the Je-*  
*suites.*

But *Princes* look to't : dread the final cast,  
 These, like the Dogs will tear their Lord at last.  
 But have not I (the very truth to tell ; )  
 Think you besir'd my Puppies pretty well ?  
 But so far forth as to their Names ; but then  
 For their Description I am off of them ;  
 I'll keep my self so, whil'st that I am well.  
 What would you have me rake to th' depth of Hell ?  
 But here I leave them ; I must go and view  
 What kind of Desert is our Tower now.

The sixth  
 Babylonish  
 Legion.

'Tis some Inchant'd Castle sure become.  
 There the five Champions be of *Christendome*.  
 These are the Heroes, that our cause so brag on ;  
 Knight errants to subdue that pestilent Dragon ;  
 That Northern Heresie that domineers,  
 And has done so here for these many years.  
 Distressed *Babylon's* Madams to set free,  
 They know the rules well of Knight Errantry.  
 Sure they can't chuse, who did so often con  
*Don Quixot's* Chapters and the *Alcoran*.  
 St. George for *England* friends : but where is he ?  
 On a Sign-post in *Southwark* ; can't you see  
 That massie holy Heroe made of paint ;  
 And that's enough to make a Romish Saint.

Well,



Well, they shall be Saint *Georges* all, I vow,  
 Provided that they be but posted so ;  
 And if they hang up but for Signs a while  
 Upon that Post beyond Saint *Giles* a mile ;  
 Such Signs to this Land would portend no loss,  
 'Tis better signing than the sign o'th' Cross.  
 Well, but for Engines and for Engineers,  
 And decent helps for our reforming Peers.  
 The Labourers but few, the work is great :  
 But there's more *Gadbury's* and *Nevil's* yet.  
 My good Reformers, sure you cannot want,  
 Convents and Baudy-houses are not scant.  
 Matter not your Consumption by the house,  
 There are more Cath'lick Villains still in fouse.  
 Go on brisk with your Refomation care,  
 Lay the Foundation-stone too where you are.  
 First for the Tigers make them Catholicks ;  
 They be of use to worry Hereticks.  
 Or leave the Leopards neither in the lurch ;  
 But make them all Sons of the Mother-Church.  
 She'll nurse then in her bosom, for ought I know  
 A better brood by far than she does now.  
 Well, but who Names the babes ? udso : well thought,  
 Is Cream and Oil and Salt and Spittle brought ?  
 And have ye not one Madam Sir *Jean* with ye,  
 To do this Popish Job of Charity ?  
 As touching *Godfathers* they need not fear,  
 There are five pat ones of you ready there. (well)  
 Well, what think you ? methinks 't sounds wondrous.  
 One be call'd *Peters*, t' other *Arundell*.  
 Let th' fiercest of 'um though be call'd King *Lewis*,  
 The rest be *Staffords*, *Bellasis* and *Powis*.

So good, my Lords, you will come to improve  
 Prison to th' best, by such high acts of love.  
 Such glorious actions without doubt will be  
 A further *Paradox* 'gainst liberty.  
 But now, my Lords, to shew a reverence due  
 To such illustrious Pers'nages as you ;  
 I will withdraw, nor am I hither come  
 To be unto your Lordships troublesome.  
 All tediousness you hate, and matter not  
 A long debate, unless about the Plot.  
 Then now I'll let you 'lone, for I do find out  
 You shall be let see, though I prate my brain out.

The se-  
 venth Ba-  
 bylonish  
 Legion.

But here's a troop ; wherein none can find blame,  
 For nothing is left of them but a name.  
 Save a few *Quarters* on the Gates o'th City,  
 And that's but *Staley's* too ; the more's the pity,  
 But they are names like quills of Porcupines ;  
 And are as full as Scarlet as their sins.  
 Here every Massacre is new repainted,  
 And every horrid Traitor new befainted.  
*Colemans* St. *Rope* is cannoniz'd, my Dons,  
 To whom the Brotherhood pay their Orisons ;  
 And do their daily Vows and prayers make,  
 And partly I believe for interest sake.  
 They know their due, and therefore for the nonce  
 Still pray the Hemp to pardon them for once.  
 Here is St. *Rogue*, St. *Traytor* and St. *Thief*,  
 St. *Whitebread* and St. *Coleman* too the chief,  
 St. *Cellier*, and St. *Country Bess*, St. *Bridget*,  
 St. *Ben*, St. *Ralph*, St. *Bob*, St. *Ned*, St. *Nidget*.  
 St. *Hoobediboody*, and St. *Mas*, St. *Ass*,  
 Good men and true all, and so let them pass.

The



The next's a sort of Beasts, and to declare  
 The truth, I do not well know what they are.  
 But yet I think for all their Asses ears,  
 I safely may conclude them to be Bears.  
 My reason for't 's as plain as any prose,  
 They are so *damnably* led by the nose.  
 Implicite Boobies that still dance along  
 Unto a fly-boot Fryars profit-song.  
 Whose love's so strong ; whose faith has such energy,  
 They'l go to Hell t' accompany their Clergy.  
 I'll tell you what with them is to Believe ;  
 To pin their Faith upon a Priests Lawn sieve.  
 And the good man that night to's whore does pawn  
 For a night's lodging both the Soul and Lawn ;  
 And she poor wretch pawns it again to *Morgan*,  
 But *Nick* is still the getter by the bargain.  
 Be you good Lads ; believe what the Church saith,  
 Though cursed Nonfence, Verities of Faith.  
 Nay if she say that Eggs are Pudding-pies,  
 You must believ 't in spight of mouth and eyes:  
 Be stupid blocks ; as dull as any sticks ;  
 And that's the way to be good Catholics.  
 But for to know the right hand from the left :  
 A Pudding-bag from a Confessor's shift :  
 Or to distinguish between Crabs and Eels ;  
 If 'tis not Heresie, 'tis on it's heels.  
 But I shall purge these beasts with holy water ;  
 And there's enough for them of din and clatter.

The eighth  
 Babylonish  
 Legion.

Brave Sons  
 of Obedi-  
 ence.

The defi-  
 nition al-  
 a-mode of  
 the Catho-  
 lick Faith.

Th' next species was (if I may call them so, )  
 For truth they had not as much as a show  
 Of a Religion ; but did defy  
 The very notion of a Deity.

The ninth  
 Babilonish  
 Legion.

D

That

That is their Consciences they did controul,  
 But could not raze them quite out of their soul.  
 They all Religions equally detest ;  
 Because by th' worst there is a God confest.  
 Nor would they care for Popery a pin,  
 But as it gives most leave to live in sin :  
 And since 'tis seen the worst Identity  
 Is singled out the best to overthrow ;  
 True Catholick Religion cannot be  
 So harm'd as by a by-religions blow ;  
 They Devil-like (to give them all their due,)  
 Support a false one to suppress a true :  
 And since they cannot all Religions smother ;  
 They are for Popery before any other.  
 These are th' wide souls, that will be sworn, forsworn,  
 Carry their Consciences in Pockets torn ;  
 Which Estridge-like digest the hardest stones,  
 Gulp down all Impositions, flesh and bones.  
 Yes, and their Consciences so stretched are  
 As full as wide as is from hence to *Ware*.  
 Nay my men can wire-draw you very soon  
 The limber-stuff as far as hence to *Rome*.  
 Through which the Pope, the *Turk* and all the rest,  
 May march with all their Squadrons in a breast.  
 These quaint, incarnate, and these visible Devils  
 Do, do promote unseen, unfelt, our Evils.  
 And into every cranny of the Town  
 The Romish Flies do skulk it up and down ;  
 To see and hear and ope' their leathern Jaws ;  
 To drop each where a good word for the cause,  
 If through one Protestant party the good Tool  
 Can set a shoulder to run down the whole.

He did his due, then to his God away :  
 (I left an L out) to his Gold I'd say.  
 Wretched Utensils, fit for nought else, ye sots,  
 But to be made *Belzebubs* pissing-pots.  
 Would I were Prophet now, and could presage,  
 How th' Pope would pay you, who did so engage  
 With him in's work ; when you the work survive,  
 Be kick'd for useleſs Drones out of the hive :  
 May he, led by the dictates of his reason  
 Hang up the Traitors, though he hugs the Treason.  
 Once more would I could prophesie, vile Imps,  
 When you'd leave off to be the Devil's Pimps :  
 This to your comfort though I can foretell,  
 You'll be no *Atheists*, when you are in Hell.

But what those Thin-gut Meagres I see there,  
*Egypt's* seven starvling Kine bring up the rear,  
 'Tis well that these are made to back the rest,  
 They are but base Back-biters at the best.  
 These are Religions Rats, that gnaw and gnaw,  
 Expecting still fat Boons drop in their Maw.  
 And though they are cramm'd full, yet better featur'd  
 They do not look, nor are they better natur'd.  
 They write and rail to feed, and turn their meat  
 When 'tis got down to banefull Aconite,  
 With which their Libels they bestrow, I think  
 They use their own empoysn'd gall for Ink ;  
 They break their brains, their rests and buttons too,  
 For an envenom'd Sarcasm or two.  
 They'll prostrate fall t' adore the Devil a year,  
 If he'll supply them with a blackmouth'd Jear.  
 And yet oft-times though their work be so hard ;  
 So pitifull and sneaking's their reward.

The tenth  
 and last  
 Babilonish  
 Legion.  
 And here  
 is a com-  
 plect Ro-  
 man Ar-  
 my for  
 you.

Er'e they stand out the Nibblers will and must  
 Peck at a Bean, and nibble at a crust.  
 Go wretched Snarls ; voracious Varlets all,  
 Made of Arch-*Pluto's* overflowing Gall.  
 Hells swarm of Crab-lice, sordid hangers on ;  
 To *Lapland* Demons, to your Puggs be gone.  
 Wander not *Incubuses* in this sphere ;  
 Enough of *Succubuses* for you there.  
 O may our God lay down at last his ire,  
 And then cast you, his Rods, into the Fire !  
 May you Horse-leeches that for our blood so thirst,  
 Suck but our bad ; but with your own be burst !  
 But I have made a very Satyr blush,  
 To dwell so long upon such Impudent Trash :  
 But I for this will now retreat the faster,  
 And leave you and your Gang to your own Master.

Good People I will tell and make you smile,  
 What the whole Flock was doing all the while.  
 Why truly there in order they had got  
 Kettles and Cauldrons, Purgatory's pot,  
 And Powdering Tubs, not the Meal-Tub I mean,  
 That's Excommunicated quite and clean.  
 They'd several Vessels there which they did fill  
 With Helliish and abominable swill.  
 A brackish liquor they still poured in,  
 Which 'gainst Doom's-day might pickle up their sin.  
 What do they so, quoth I ? A Neighbour saith,  
 So they fill up the measure of their wrath.  
 And truly whilst I stood in the same place  
 The Vessels began to be fill'd apace.  
 Modestly first they lav'd by Spoons and Shells ;  
 Now they ope' flood-gates, and let in whole wells.  
 Buckets

They were  
 busie at it.

Buckets and Pails now were not big enough,  
 To pour in still the horrid Strygian stuff.  
 A little Royal blood they wanted more,  
 And few more Martyrs to compleat the score.  
 But God avert ! yet how, I cannot tell,  
 The liquor to the very brim did swell,  
 And oh ! as soon as th' Vessels did run o're ;  
 The whole World groan'd, and Nature gave a roar.  
 Th' Earth op'd her Jaws again and did devour  
 The whole Sheet in the minute of an hour.  
 Swifter than Stones are to their Center brought,  
 Swifter than *Enns* or a morning thought,  
 Streight from the dread *hiatus* forth there broke  
 In tumbling Mountains clouds of sulphurous Smoke,  
 Which on its rolling sooty wings then bore  
 The wretches parting shrieks from shore to shore ;  
 Whereat the Popish Monarchs stood and gaz'd,  
 Frighten'd, surpriz'd, confounded and amaz'd ;  
 With aguish sinews and with limbing thighs,  
 With trembling joynts, sad hearts and watry eyes.  
 And finding the chain burst, they thought did tye,  
 And knit together all their policy ;  
 The series of the Intertexture torn  
 With violence ; the remnant left forlorn :  
 The Romish politicks quite tumbled down,  
 Which falsely they suppos'd upheld their own.  
 They thought, since th' melting of the Papal Leads,  
 Their Crowns had no *sure footing* on their heads,  
 Therefore with bleeding hearts they howl and wail.  
 Nor was this, wretched Princes, all their ail.  
 Long waiting Mercy now departs with groans,  
 And roused Justice shakes their tottering Thrones.  
 They had partak'd with *Rome* in sin, and now  
 'Tis just they should taste of their Judgments too.

That dam-  
 ned thirst  
 does al-  
 wayes pos-  
 sess the  
 Leeches.

'Tis time  
 for it.

And well  
 they might

'Of his due honour they had robbed Christ,  
 And Hecatomb'd it to the Romish Beast.  
 Now's reckoning time for all that Sacriledge,  
 Vengeance has drunk about, and they must pledge.  
 The Merchants too, with all their gaudy ware,  
 That had helpt to keep up th' *Italian* Fair,  
 With all their Gugaws, Hobby-horses, Giggs,  
 Their pretty Trinkets, and their modish Jiggs,  
 Their Whistles, Babies, Puppets and their Bodkins,  
 Their *Fucus*, *Seruke*, and their Whim-wham Dodkins,  
 Their Fardingales, their Snipsnaps, and curl'd Wire  
 That went to make the Romish Whores attire.  
 Behold with anguish, terror, grief and rage,  
 Their only Customers kick'd off the Stage.  
 Therefore they pack up, and away they go  
 To see what Custom was with them below :  
 Indeed there was no need of Ware nor them  
 For th' Protestant Religion Victresse then,  
 Sweet as the Rose, pure as the new blown Morn,  
 Whom onely her own sweetness does adorn ;  
 Nor need she more to captivate the eye,  
 Than her own native pure Simplicity.  
 But now I woke, still musing on my Theam,  
 Methoughts there was more in it than a Dream.

Come buy  
 my Cere-  
 monies,  
 three for  
 a penny.

Sure we  
 shall have  
 then ano-  
 ther *Mer-  
 curius In-  
 firmus*, to  
 know what  
 Trading  
 they have.

F I N I S.



